THE HUNTRESS.

EDUCATION—"*The main pillar which sustains the Temple of Liberty.*"—JEFFERSON.

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THE HUNTRESS

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SELECTED TALES.

DEAF UNCLE JEFFRY AND THE LITTLE OLD MAID.

BY ABBOTT LEE.

'Never was such a commotion known in the annals of domestic moppery and dustery and broomery and scrubbery. All good housewives know how to turn a house upside down, and how to throw it out of the windows, and the dwelling into which we are about to introduce our readers, was just in this agreeable predicament. The curtains were down and the carpets were up—the floors were wet and the cisterns dry—every thing was out of its place, in the endeavor to put every thing into it, and the whole household was in disorder—being put in order—and all because an old uncle was coming.

All the little and the great Pokenhams were mustered, and marshalled, and drilled. Mrs. Pokenham took upon herself the office of drill serjeant.

'Now girls, no quarrelling, no contradiction, no huffing, no scowling, no scuffling—your old uncle's coming. Now boys, no fighting, and rollicking, and game-making—mind and put the best side out, and behave decently—your old uncle's coming. And now, where's Fanny Carr? She's always out of the way when she ought to be in it, and in it when she ought to be out of it. Can't any of you find me Fanny Carr? I want to give her some hints and orders, because my old uncle's coming.'

A little plain, undersized old maid, somewhere about four feet four inches and a half in height, about six stone six pounds six ounces in weight, and a complexion something between saffron and stone-blue, and dressed in a garb of forgotten date, was poked out of a corner by the young Pokenhams.

'Fanny Carr,' said Mrs. Pokenham, 'have you done these few trifling things that I desired? Have you seen fresh linen put upon the best bed?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'And the windows of shaking?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'And did you see that the boot-jack and the slippers were placed ready to his feet?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'And Mr. Pokenham's last new dressing gown to his hands?'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'And did you see that the coffee was properly clear[illegible]'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'And the chicken and bottle of wine all ready to be brought up!'

'Yes, ma'am.'

'You know my uncle's coming?'

'Has any body told any body that my uncle's coming?' asked Mrs. Pokenham.

'Not a soul of us!' exclaimed *omnes*.

'That's right. Why, if it were once known, we should have all the world and his wife here in less than no time. The Scudamores would be racketting and rollicking here, and Christopher and Kate mincing, and carneying, and blarneying, and they'd try with a witness, to get my old uncle from me.'

'Yes, but one that I hope will pay well.' Now girls, if you dare to show any of your quizzings, and huffings, and black looks, you'll spoil all, and we shall lose all my old uncle's share in the Bank of England As for you, Jane, if you fall into that old trick you have got of turning up your nose at everybody—and you, Margaret, of curling up your lip at everything—and you, boys, of badgering, and bantering, and worrying, why, we shall just be throwing away all uncle Jeff's Bank stock and landed estates—and we may as well have them, for we have as much right to them as anybody else.'

'I wish you may get them,' said Master Daniel.

'Most rare Daniel!' said Master Humphrey—'I wish I may.'

Thanks to the first-born of the primitive old maids, Fanny Carr, everything was at length in perfect readiness! the carpets were all down, and the curtains were all up—the floors were dry, and fires were lit, the covers were stripped from the best chairs, the sofa wheeled to the best place, the fire was blazing in all the beauty of concavity, convexity, and contiguity, and every face arranged so as to look delighted at the arrival of tiresome, trouble-some, cross, snappish old uncle Jeff. There came a sound of very brilliant blowing of horns—everybody strained their eyes—the Royal Blue flew past in grand style, the horses prancing and capering, and the guard making melody with a bugle horn—on it whirled and whirled, never stopping for anybody, and of course no uncle Jeff could be there, and so two tedious hours were spent in fidgetings and guessings—and then the slow coach was heard coming lumbering and trailing along, and it stopped at the steps of the respectable house where had been all the dusting and mopping and brushing and brooming, and a great masculine head, with thick heavy features, and bushy eye-brows, and large lips, poked itself out of the window and looked up to the house in question, surveying its well-hearth-stoned step, and its clean windows, and the scarlet moreen curtains through them and the brighter blaze of the cheerful fire glowing and flickering over the window-frames, with a most morose unpleasable look—whereupon Mrs. Pokenham, and all the tribe of Pokenhams, little and big, rushed out of the parlour into the hall, and out of the hall on to the door-steps, and Mrs. Pokenham began to delight her own benevolent heart by assuring herself and her uncle, and congratulating herself upon the information, that her dear, kind, good uncle Jeffery was really looking full twenty years younger than when she last saw him.

'Dear uncle Jeffery! How kind of you to come and see us! How delighted I am to receive you into the bosom of my affectionate family! My dear Mr. Pokenham will be as rejoiced to find you amongst us, and all my darling children have been so anxious to welcome you, that they could neither eat, drink, nor sleep, for thinking and talking about you. But pray take care of the steps—they are so slanting, and slippery, and dangerous—not that you are in the least infirm, but I myself had an awkward slip from them one day.—Why, how well you are looking! you must be growing younger every day.—I declare you look more juvenile than any of us. *Daniel*—Humphrey, call the servant to take your uncle's luggage. My dear uncle, I cannot think of such a thing as your carrying your own luggage. *Daniel*! Humphrey! call somebody. There, can't you take it yourselves! My dear uncle Jeffery, pray wait till a servant can come.—Daniel! Humphrey! why don't you move?'

Daniel and Humphrey stood with their hands in their pockets staring very contemptuously as the cross-grained old gentleman took up a small hair trunk and a leather-hat-box in his hands, and under the running canonade of Mrs. Pokenham's speech, proceeded to ascend the flight of steps, taking as little notice of the lady proprietress of the mansion as though he had heard her not, which suppositious case appeared to be pretty nearly the true one, as on their entrance into the parlour the morose old gentleman, laying his luggage very deliberately on the floor, proceeded to draw from the depths of his capacious pockets a very serious-looking ear-horn, which having adjusted to his ear, he turned a sour look upon Mrs. Pokenham, and for the first time opened his lips.

'Well, ma'am, I told you I'd come some time or other, and I'm here.'

Had all Mrs. Pokenham's energy and eloquence gone for nothing? Had it all been wasted on a deaf old man, who had not been able to hear a syllable of her mellifluous accents? was it all to do over again, and that to the detriment of her lungs, at the top of her breath? Yes, seemingly so, and accordingly the poor hard-worked lady began again shouting as loud as possible.

'My dear uncle Jeffry, we are all delighted to see you, and looking so well—younger than ever.'

'Hey? what?'

'We are all so glad to see you! You are looking so well!' shouted Mrs. Pokenham, growing very red in the face.

'Do you think I look well then?'—said the cross old gentleman.

'O charmingly. Twenty years younger than I last saw you.'

'Hey! what?'

'You are looking so much younger than you did some time back. Nobody would believe you were the same person. I am sorry, however, to see that you are rather dull of hearing.'

'Dull of what?' asked uncle Jeff

'A little deaf,' shouted Mrs. Pokenham.

'Deaf! who says that I'm deaf? a set of stupid people. I should like to know who told you I was deaf! a parcel of ignorant people?

'O, I see that it was all a mistake! only I thought that perhaps you had got a little cold—nothing more, nothing more,' shouted Mrs. Pokenham.

'I am no more deaf than you are!' said the sour-visaged gentleman.

'No, no, uncle.' I see that you are not. I don't know what I could be thinking of,' said poor Mrs. Pokenham, whose lungs began to complain at being put into such severe requisition. 'But now, uncle, take the easy easir—it is such an easy one—we got it on purpose for you.'

'I don't want your easy chairs! any chair is easy enough to a healthy man like me. What! I suppose you think I am getting old'

'O no, dear uncle Jeffry—you look full twenty years younger than when I last saw you. Here, Fanny Carr, do take these slippers and this dressing gown away. I don't know who should have thought of treating my dear uncle Jeffry as if he were old or invalided. Pray, Fanny Carr, do move this footstool, and wheel this unwieldy chair away.'

The little old maid drew near much as if she had been a little mouse approaching a lion, and proceeded to do as she was bid with one of the most frightened airs in the world. The great cross man looked down like a colossal statue on the diminutive little thing who was thus called upon to wait upon high mightiness.

'Won't you go near the fire, uncle Jeffry? it was made on purpose for you—we thought you might be cold,' shouted Mrs. Pokenham.

'Cold!' sneered uncle Jeff, unbuttoning his coat:

'Do open the window, Fanny Carr, my uncle Jeffery will be suffocated.'

'I wish you'd let the window be—and me too,' growled uncle Jeff.

'And now, uncle Jeffery, will you take tea or coffee? we have them both ready.'

'Do you think I'm a tee-totaller! I hate slops?'

'Uncle Jeffery shall have a rump steak and oyster sauce. Would you like that, shrieked Mrs. Pokenham.

'I don't like to be plagued!' growled uncle Jeff.

Poor Mrs. Pokenham sat down in her chair, pretty considerably exhausted with shouting, and proceeded to lament herself and console herself in a low voice, perfectly comfortable in uncle Jeff not being able to hear her. In spite of his assurances that he was by no manner of means deaf.

'Well, and so he's deaf, deaf as a door-nail! and how in the world I am to go on making myself agreeable I don't know—I shall soon be perfectly exhausted. And yet there is one little comfort in it—we need not be so very particular what we say. One may be able to express our sentiments, without being constantly in danger of stumbling over some affront or another'

'Mamma,' said Miss Pokenham the eldest, 'I suppose we may speak, too, as uncle Jeff is too deaf to hear a word that we can say.'

'Say what you will, only don't look towards him, lest he suspect that we are speaking of him.'

'I was only going to give you my opinion of this new relation of ours—why, mamma, he is amazingly ugly.'

'What of that?' said Miss Pokenham, 'he is as rich as a Jew.

'Did you ever see such thick lips—such a thick nose—and such a thick head!' said Miss Pokenham the second.

'Don't make me laugh, said Miss Pokenham the first, 'or else our deaf uncle Jeff will think I am laughing at him.'

What are you talking about!' asked uncle Jeff, placing his ear horn ready for the answer.

'They were talking, girl like, uncle Jeffry,' shouted poor Mrs. Pokenham, of you. You know that is so natural—and they were saying—but you must excuse them—what a fine looking man you are!'

'La me, how can you say so—I never saw any body much uglier in my life, and then for expression! why he could make vinegar with a look.'

'Hey? what?' said uncle Jeff.

'Margaret was saying that you have such a powerful expression Now boys, if you begin to titter, I'll turn you out of the room.'

'How mamma is sweetening up deaf uncle Jeff! Mamma, I had better help you a little more, since it answers so well. Look how he is staring at us with his goggle eyes.'

'Hey? what?' asked uncle Jeffry,' turning again to Mrs. Pokenham.

'Jane was only saying that you had such peculiarly fine eyes. Girls, will you have done!'

'No mamma, it is too good fun—we must have a little more of it. Don't you see how deaf uncle Jeff is looking at us and how red he is getting in the face? His complexion and visage would do very well for a sign post at some village inn.'

'Hey? what?' interrogated uncle Jeff.

'Margaret was observing how fresh complexioned you are, uncle Jeffry, and what a fine portrait you would make. Humphrey, go out of the room. Daniel, be quiet. Girls, girls! how dare you say such things before his face? I declare I sit in fear and trembling.'

'La, mamma, one may say what one likes—it's all safe enough. Uncle Jeff is too deaf to hear, never fear. Besides, it does him good to hear you interpret for us. You turn our sour into sweet, and he seems to like the flavor. Better give him a little more.'

'Feeding time is not over. Give him a little more,' said Humphrey.

'How can I keep my countenance, if you go on so! Boys, be quiet.'

'It is so amusing to see me obliged to look pleasant when she is in such a passion! Dear me, would not you like to box our ears?'

'Hey! what?' said uncle Jeff.

'The girls were saying, that they never saw me look half so delighted as I am now doing, for the pleasure of seeing you here. Girls, if you will provoke me—boys, I will punish you for this!—You are behaving shamefully!'

'O, mama, it is so amusing to see you trying to look sweet and calm and pleasant at cross deaf uncle Jeff, and yet all the while in such a passion with us.'

'I'll tell you what has just come into my head, mamma,' said Miss Pokenham the first, 'now don't let any body laugh—have you all your listening faces ready? are they all screwed up not to laugh?'

'Hold your tongue, Jane, said Mrs. Pokenham.

'Ready! ready!' exclaimed omnes.

'Why, this is my project, resumed Miss Pokenham—to make up a match between our little minikin finikin Fanny Carr and our great deaf uncle Jeff.

Mrs. Pokenham half screamed with fear—the rest laughed outright.

(*To be continued.*)

WASHINGTON CITY.

SATURDAY JANUARY 29, 1842.

A CARD.

Mrs. Royall begs leave to return her grateful thanks to those generous members of Congress of the House, who remembered her in her lone abode on Saturday 15th, 17th, and the V on the 18th. Also Gen. H. for the cord of wood. These were the most trying *three* days to Mrs. R. she ever met in this city. May *Heaven* reward the donors.

RETRENCHMENT AND REFORM.

We observe there is a select committee appointed on expenditures of the *House of Representatives*. There is no portion of the government perhaps, that needs retrenchment more, and though it is a source of complaint, and reform enjoined by the people upon members from year to year, it has continued to increase beyond all bounds, until the Treasury is exhausted by this and similar extravagance in other portions of the government.

True, the House reduced the extravagant compensation of pages and messengers last session.* But there are other extravagant items which demand retrenchment, and for one, the Congress library. This library, from the time it was formed, till General Jackson came into power, was kept at an expence of about $1700 per ann. It now costs [$4,500]. There is the librarian at $1,500, and *two* assistants, at the same, and a messenger at $700 [little enough for him as he has to do all the drudgery.]

At first Mr. Meehan took an assistant at $800, and had he asked for half a dozen, probably he would have obtained them, for such was the inconsiderate zeal of a Jackson Congress, that it kept no bounds in rewarding the *so* called Jackson men, which Mr. M. called himself.

After a while the assistants pay is raised to $1,500! After a pause comes another assistant in the person of Mr. M's. son, *Master* Charles—merely in the sessions—at $1,50 per day. No notice being taken of this, Mr. Charles Meehan now draws his $1,500 per annum. We should like to know of our *Democratic friends* [—if this be "democracy."] If it be, in the name of the Union, what is "whigery?" As the Globe would say, ye say, "whigery" is all a hoax, as we never contradict our betters. we can only say, let us try it before we judge. If "whigery" be a *hoax*, democracy is a sly rogue, which has bled Uncle Sam so freely, that he is no longer able to stand on his feet.

But talking is nothing! names are nothing—neither changes a man's principles. FACTS are the thing by which all men are known. The tree is known by its fruit. Names, for the most part, in politics and religion, are put on as a cloak, and boasting is the same, and you will find the conduct of such people, oftener in opposition to those names, than consonant thereto. This is proved in the present instance.

We believe in democracy, that is in the theory, and believe there are many true and honest men in their ranks. It is Jacksonism—a name taken without his leave, to swindle the people out of office. This Mr. librarian was a great Jackson-man, so was Mr. Kendall—the latter put his whole kindred into office—old Mr. Kyle not worth his victuals and clothes, at $1,800! "That's how" the treasury come empty, paying out money where no services where rendered in return. This treasury sinking business is not the work of yesterday, nor two months, nor six months—it has been going on for years, as we will show.

* These persons are much displeased, and we have heard threats made, of a very lawless nature. If they do not like their wages let them go elsewhere.

When new members would come to Congress, they thought it one of the greatest things in the world to be caressed, and be-flattered—be-sired and be-bowed, too, by those sycophants who swarm like locusts in this city in Congress time. Such members would think it one of the greatest honors to do such men favors.

A man calling himself Col. Hunter, and a revolutionary soldier, was taken in by Congress as assistant-doorkeeper at a salary of $1,450. Now this was not because they were in want of an assistant-doorkeeper, but because they delighted in lavishing away the people's money.

One middle aged man by the name of Wallace, who came from Harrisburg to keep a boarding house for members, found such favor with members, that a new office was *created* for him—and what do you think it was? Door-keeper to the west entrance of the Capitol! where such a thing was never known before nor since. At this time he had *two* sons in office. Have not members a penchant for wasting money? Thus came the treasury empty.

Had the man been decent and civil, it would not have been so abominable. But he was an insolent blackguard, and a cheat besides. After this he was poked into Congress Post Office, and next—he held some office in the Treasury Department, and may yet, for ought we know.

We do not know what party [or what member abused the rights of the people in this, and similar acts [as we shall show] which has brought the country into distress and disgrace—till even our foreign ministers drafts it is said are protested—but we have no hesitation in saying, the man who would do so, let him be Whig or Democrat, would sell his country, take a bribe, or do any other thing in the premises. Therefore, we repeat, names are nothing—it is principle the people want—it is an honest fulfilment of duties and oaths.

This Mr. library gentleman, as an excuse for raising his son's pay from $1 50 per diem during the sessions, to $1,500 per ann. we have been told, is because he is ["lame."] What unparalleled impudence! Then it was not because there was any thing to do in the library! [we should wonder if there were, with three stout men, all sound] Now the question is clearly this—if one man be allowed $1,500 for no other reason than because he is lame, another lame man—same right, and by parity of reason, every lame man in the U. S. has an equal right to $1,500 per annum. Therefore we say, the government has for the last ten years been turned into a poor house for paupers—gentleman beggars—an asylum for the dissipated. If this young man was not able to maintain himself, and no one else would do it, why did he not go to the poor house provided for such objects?

Again. Why did Congress, if they must vote money upon such frivolous pretences, allow him so much—less than fifteen hundred dollars would have maintained him! Oh, but then his parents and kindred want him to appear in the style of a gentleman! People of the U. S. what say you to this?

If this be legislating for the general welfare, viz—to take from honest hard working citizens, and give it to gentleman beggars, then we do not understand the term. Can any one be surprized that the nation is beggared. What say you, Messiers of the Globe? What say you, Mr. Kendall? Is this the way ye humbug the "hard-fisted, hard-handed laboring men?" "Whose great splendid house is that near by, Mrs. R.? "Why, Mr. Kendall's—that is his town house." "What? the mighty advocate of the poor man, the hard-fisted man?" "Even so. That, sir, was the former residence of the Vice President, Col. R. M. Johnson." "What do you mean by town-house, Mrs. R.?" "I mean that he has his country house besides, in imitation of English noblemen. He came to this city in rags, and has made all this off you hard-fisted working men. "Who lives in that House? It is furnished like a palace, full of negro waiters—white folks wouldn't come out—were engaged. "That is Mr. Blair's town house—he of the Globe. He has his fine country seat, too. He gives great entertainments to members of Congress, served up on costly plate. Thus he lives by humbugging you hard-fisted men, whose hard earned dollars keep him in style—and by whom the *treasury* is supported, which he and Mr. Kendall kept under their control, until they saw the naked bottom of it. They, with Col. Benton, managed the government as they pleased, under Gen. Jackson [last term] and Mr. Van Buren." * * * *

"Whose fine house is that over the way?" "That is the house of Mr. Meehan Librarian to Congress, who, like Messrs. Blair and Kendall, was destitute and in debt, when they were taken into favor by Gen. Jackson—and that is his dandy son who receives $1,500 per annum, because he is lame, out of the pockets of you hard-fisted working men."

The extras of this library alone, to say nothing of other extras of Congress, which we shall expose anon, would *pension* two or three revolutionary old soldiers or their widows, who are now suffering of cold and hunger. People of the U. S. can you suffer this wanton and extravagant inroad upon your treasury?

We have only commenced, but trust from what we have proved, the truth begins to dawn upon the people, and their representatives, viz—that these sinecures [as well as those connected with the public works,] and the *anti-pension* scheme—the gold and silver humbug, &c are ONE AND THE SAME THING! It is a species of buying up votes, probably with an eye to the Presidency. Every one can see we allude to Col. Benton, the sand stone candidate, though it is kept very quiet. We have no doubt but his object is or was, to buy his way to the Presidency out of the public treasury, through the working men. The thing speaks for itself, for it is through him—assisted by the GLOBE and AMOS, that Gen *Jackson*—Mr. *Van Buren*, and the whole Democracy party [who were not in the secret) have been misled and deceived into a species of extravagant polity, from the obvious view of strengthening the party, and keeping it united until it attained a height, that the people were wholly lost sight of, you could not point to a single spot where government business was carried on, that corruption and fraud was not practised.

As for Mr. *Meehan*, we hope Congress will give him and his son leave to retire. He has held the office upwards of twelve years. Let some other poor and more worthy man have a share of the loaves and fishes. They put Mr. St. C. *Clark* in again, why not put Mr. Watterstone back again, and let Mr. M. who is a very pious missionary man—go and convert the heathen mobs in our large cities.

(To be continued.)

DR. BEECHER.

It appears the reverend gentleman has succeeded beyond all expectation in preparing his HUNDRED MISSIONARIES in Cincinnati, to convert the [heathen of the Mississippi Valley: If they spread the gospel as rapidly in all the towns in the Valley, as they did in Cincinnati the other day, the Dr. will soon be out of work. We wish him much joy of his success.

'My father's *spirit* in arms' as the boy said when he was carrying home the rum jug.

From the Globe.

Mr. CALHOUN occupied the floor for two hours, in an elaborate speech on economical reform, showing, by many valuable comparative statements, the great reduction of which the expenses were susceptible. The whole matter, in the aspect in which he presented it, should become now one of the most incessant studies of all entrusted with power in this country. Governments, like individuals, must sink under embarrassments in their finances."

This is all very true, and we trust the present administration will carry it out. But Mr. Calhoun told the same story some years ago, but unfortunately Mr. C. all on a sudden turned round, and forgetting to put his sage maxims into practice, united with the extravagant party in which the Globe editors took the lead.

Once for all, Messrs. of the Globe, your professions, like Mr. Calhouns, are hollow, ye both talk one way and act another. In fact there is *too much talking* and *too little work done* all round.

THE TEXIAN CAPTIVES AND MEXICO.

Respecting this tragical business, there seems to be but one opinion throughout the country, viz—vengeance. Such a perfidious violation of the laws of *nations*—the laws of *war*, and the laws of humanity, deserve no parley.

The whole civilized world ought to unite and *re take* this beautiful country, which these monsters obtained by massacres and treachery.

There appears to be a party in the *U. S.* thirsting for war—they now have a chance to gratify it, and let their watch-word be "Alamo" and "Santa Fe." Let every man make the case his own.

THE SECRETARY OF WAR.

It is singular that the first we have seen of Secretary Spencer's Report is in a North Carolina exchange paper—merely a brief extract. To judge from it, the report is just such a one as we might expect from a man of his talents. His language is strong, simple and clear. He says $14,000,000 has already been expended upon fortifications on our coasts, and will require $9 000,000 to finish all of any importance. We shall see.

CONGRESS! CONGRESS! CONGRESS!!!

Gentlemen, here is February—three months. What have ye DONE? What are ye DOING? What do you intend to *do*? We are daily requested to give our opinion on the conduct of members, times, &c. If we "must, we must." We therefore recommend to every mother's son of them to go home and give an account of their "steward-ship," and return again next session.

A sapient country gentleman, in giving orders to a bookseller to furnish his library, requested him particularly to let him have Pope, Milton and Shakspeare's works, and added—'if those fellows publish any thing new, don't forget to let me have them.'

Two persons joined in the purchase of a hog—which after they had fatted sufficiently in the opinion of one of the parties, he told him that he was determined to kill his half of the hog—he might do what he pleased with the other.

A man much addicted to drinking, being extremely ill of a fever, a consultation was held in his bed chamber by three physicians, how to 'cure the fever, and abate the thirst.' 'Gentlemen,' said he, 'I will take half the trouble off your hands—you cure the fever, and I'll abate the thirst myself.

During the late glorious contest, an American officer was ordered to a station of extreme peril. Several of those around him suggested many pretexts, by which he might evade the dangerous employment assigned him, to which he made this noble reply. 'I thank you, my friends, for your solicitude. I know I can easily save my life—but who will save my honor, if I should follow your advice?'

MY POCKET.

Greater by far than head or heart,
My chiefest, best, and noblest part,
My real dignity thou art,
My Pocket.

What matter it how learned or wise!
Such mean distinctions all despise.
In thee alone true merit lies,
My Pocket.*

For though the truth may harshly sound.
Here man and beast alike are found,
Each only valued by per pound—
My Pocket.

When I was poor, and Tompkins fine,
Why was I never asked to dine?
Alas! alas! the fault was thine,
My Pocket.

Or, if I made a morning call,
Why did I shiver in the hall?
This was my crime—the worst of all.
My Pocket.

But when my rich relation B—
Left me his only legatee,
How glad was Tomp-kins then to see,
My Pocket.

Then invitations by the score
Loosened the knocker on my door,
Strange it was always stiff before,
My Pocket.

Then hosts of albums, lily-white,
Came rolling in, with no ce polite,
And—'Would I but one stanzas write?'
my Pocket?

Jane, who to all my vows was mute,
Or called me 'fool,' 'ugly brute,'
Now sighed none else her heart would suit,
my Pocket.

Then first my little nephews knew
Their uncle's house was Number *Two*.
Was it respect, or was it you,
my Pocket?

My surest stay, my best ally
When duns were loud and friends were shy,
On thee my future hopes rely.
my Pocket.

Befriend me still, thy suitor prays,
Great chairman of the means and ways,
In losses, panics, quarter days,
my Pocket.

Thus helped, I will not care a pin,
What bubbles burst, what parties win.
Or who are out, or who are in,
my Pocket.

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* Ah! would that we of the Gazette could say as much of our Pocket! When those of our kind hearted customers who have been a little neglectful, have squared up, then we'll sing like a nightengale, on our own hook. Our pocket!

A DOWN EAST SAILOR.—A Yankee captain once sung out in a squall, to a raw hand newly shipped on board his craft—

'Let go the jib, there! Darn your skin, let go the jib!'

'I ain't a touchin' it!' squalled out the simple down easter in return.—[Picayune.

MARSHAL DE TURENNE

Coming home one night, he fell into the hands of robbers, who stopped his coach upon the ramparts of Paris—on his promising them 100 louis d'ors to let him keep a ring of a great deal less value, they returned it, and one of them had the boldness to go to his house next day, and in the midst of a great company to whisper him and demand the performance of his promise. The Viscount ordered the money to be paid him, and before he related the adventure, let the robber have time to escape, adding 'that a promise ought to be kept inviolable—and that an honest man should never break his word, although given to knaves.'

In the reign of Louis XIV. several ladies of rank were accused of magic. Of these, a *Duchess* was examined by a magistrate most hideously ugly She confessed she had conversed with the devil. 'Under what semblance was he?' said the magistrate, gravely. 'In his own person, and he resembled you as much as one drop of water does another.'

A very worthy widow lady a few days ago, in speaking of the protracted meetings held at the Rev. Mr. Hammer's church by Mr. Kirk, remarked that 'the much celebrated Mr. Knapp was performing wonders in Boston, and had turned Providence up side down.'

TOUGH.—A hog was run over by a carriage on F street, yesterday. His hogship appeared rather astonished, some mortified and a little disgusted at the occurrence but after a few minutes patient reflection, turned in to rooting again, with his accustomed zeal. Hogs are wonderful creatures, in their way.

NEW GROCERY.

Mr. JAMES GIVEN has the honor to inform the Public in general, and his friends in particular, that he has just opened a Grocery Store in that noted building on Penn Avenue, near the Railroad Depot, formerly occupied by Mr. Dunn as a furniture store, and latterly by the office of the Native American, where he will be happy to accommodate all who may favor him with their custom, with every article in the Grocery line.

$100 REWARD.

DR. STORM'S SPECIFIC COMPOUND

For the cure of Gonorrhœa, Gleets, Strictures, Diabetes or difficulty in making water, and all other unnatural discharges from the urethra of either sex.

In no case has this medicine been know to fail, to effect a permanent cure, and too in the shortest possible time. Should this medicine fail to effect a cure where it has been taken according to directions, return the empty vial and get back the money Why then spend both time and money with such quack nostrums as cannot be depended upon; when, for $1, you can purchase a pleasant, sure, and speedy cure, composed solely of vegetable substance? One hundred dollars will be paid to any one who will produce a medicine to equal this compound, or who will prove that it contains any mineral substance whatever.

☞For sale in Washington city by Robert Patterson, corner 9th and the Avenue; and Charles C. Stott, corner of 7th street, and the avenue; and by H. Wade on 7th street, and by J. & W. Young jr.

In Georgetown by John L. Kidwell.

MRS. HALL'S
BOARDING HOUSE,
Pennsylvania Avenue,
NEARLY OPP. BROWN'S HOTEL,
WASHINGTON.

FRESH
GARDEN AND FLOWER SEEDS,
For sale, Wholesale and Retail, at
J. F. CALLAN'S,
Drug Store, Corner of E and 7th streets,
WASHINGTON CITY:

Among which may be found the following
Artichoke, Asparagus, Beans, various kinds; Beets, every variety; Brussels Sprouts, Broceli, Collards, Cabbage, many sorts, Carrots, do. do. Cauliflowers, late and early, Celery, white and red, Chervil, or Salad, Corn Salad, Cress or Pepper Grass; Cucumber, late and early; Corn, early, prolific, and sweet; Egg Plant, white and purple; Endive Curled; Kale or Borecole; Leek, English and Scotch Lettuce, all the best sorts; Melons and Cantelopes; Nasturtium; Okra, excellent for Soups; Onions, white, red, and silver, Parsley, plain and curled; Parsnip, large, Peas, extra early, early and late; Pepper, Squash and other, Pumpkins, premium, Radishes, many sorts; Rhubarb, for Tarts Salsify or Vegetable Oyster; Spnage round and prickly; Squash, every variety, Tomato, the finest kind; Turnip, all the best sorts, Onion Sets, &c. &c.

Splendid Flower Seeds, Bulbous Roots Dahlias, &c. &c.

☞These seeds are put up in small and convenient parcels, and are warranted true and genuine. The Roots, (particularly the Dahlias,) are of the most beautiful description, comprise all the new varieties, and will be sold at the New York prices

*** Orders from a distance punctually attended to, and Seeds, Roots and plants carefully packed to go to any part of the United States.

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Remember the genuine as described below. his is certified to by several Mayors, Ministers of the Gospel, British Consul Physicians, and a great number of our most honorable citizens, to be seen where it is sold

DARING FRAUD.—his article has been imitated by a notorious counterfeiter. Let it never be purchased or used unless it have, the name of L. A. COMSTOCK, or the signature of COMSTOCK & CO. on a splendid wrapper. This is the only external test that will secure the Public from deception.

Apply at the wholesale and retail office No 2 Fletcher street, near Maiden Lane and Pearl street.

COMSTOCK & CO.
Wholesale Druggists, New York

A great variety of the most worthless trash for the hair has sprung up on the credit of this article. This has stood the test of 21 years, and rapidly increased in favor

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Of this long established house, for size convenience, and comfortable apartments, little need be said, the subscriber, since being known to the Public, is prepared to accommodate boarders and travellers at the shortest notice. His table is plentifully furnished with the best the market affords prepared by experienced cooks, and attentive servants:

His bar is furnished equal to any in the United States.

He flatters himself, therefore, that from his zeal to give entire satisfaction, he may receive a moderate share of public patronage.

B. O. SHECKLES.

sept. 23, 1840

PHILADELPHIA SATURDAY COURIER.—Printed and published by A M'Makin & E. Holden, at No. 72 Dock Street, corner of Walnut.

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When a single paper is ordered by an agent and postage accrues, it is invariably charged to the subscriber.

Directions must always be accompanied with the name of the subscriber, and the Post Office at which a paper is discontinued or paid for, and in case of a removal, the office from, as well as to, which the paper is to be changed.

PROPOSALS
FOR
PUBLISHING BY SUBSCRIPTION
The Authentic Report of the Controversial Discussion, that took place in the City of Dublin, in the year 1827, between the Rev THOMAS MAGUIRE, and the Rev R. T. P. POPE.

This celebrated work, the most remarkable controversial discussion of modern times, having gone through twenty-one editions in England and Ireland, where it is still read with extraordinary vidity, and in the United States passed through three editions, all of which are exhusted to the last copy; and the demand for it from all quarters, Catholic and Protestant, being still very great, it is proposed to re-publish it in Weekly Numbers at such a price as to put it within the reach of all without oppressing any.

Those in the City of N. York, who wish the work, will be served by leaving their names with the publisher, John Doyle, 294, Pearl Street, those at a distance can have it regularly mailed to them, by remitting one dollar in a post-paid letter

Agents.—Mr. Patrick Conolly, 118 Ann St. Boston;—Henry Mc Keon, Willing. Alley, Philadelphia;—Mr. John Farnon, Utica. N. Y.;—r.T Mathew McLeod, Georgetown, D. C.;—Mr. Peter Haynes, Savannah, Geo —and the office of the U. S. Catholic Miscellany, Charleston, S. C.

It is a well known fact that this great controversy has converted more sectarians to the Catholic Church in England and Ireland than any other work whatever; and has also been the happy means of bringing great numbers to the true faith in the United States It is therefore hoped that every sincere Catholic will lend his aid, by putting down his name, to prevent so valuable a work from being out of print, more particularly when for his subscription, he will receive the utmost value.

NOTICE.

THE subscriber has taken the City Lunch, corner of 14th street and Pennsylvania avenue, formerly kept by John Hand jr. where he intends keeping all the delicacies of the season, both in the eating an drinking way. Gentlemen will please call and taste for themselves.

May 1840 J. W. DEXTER.

CHARLES CARLIN

Informs the Public that he has removed to that popular stand formerly occupied by Michael McDermott, at the corner of 6th street and Penn. Av. where he continues to furnish refreshments to citizens and transcients, as usual. He begs leave to return his thanks to his friends and the Public in gentha for their liberal patronage heretofore, and hopes by assiduity and attention to merit a continuance of their favors.

THE GENUINE VEGEABLE PILLS—An effectual cure for Gonorrhœa, Gleet's Strictures, &c. &c. Of all the remedies yet discovered for the cure of these complaints, the Vegetable Pills have been the most effectual, as they have never been known to fail to effect a perfect cure. They are mild and pleasant to take, yet powerful in their action, and may be taken without the knowledge of the most intimate friend. These Pills are put up in square boxes, with full directions accompanying each box. For sale by J. & W. Young, jr. C. Stott, corner of 7th street and the ave.; C. T. and T. Jardella, corner of 12th st. and the avenue p. Wade on 7th street.

Georgetown, D. C. by Linthic

MICHAEL McDERMOTT wishes to inform his customers and the Public in general, that he still continues to carry on the COACH MAKING BUSINESS, in all its branches, on Penn avenue, between Third and Four-and a half street where he keeps constantly on hand for sale Family Carriages, Barouches, Vehicles, Buggies, Sulkies, Gigs, Carryalls &c., made of the best materials and by selected workmen. He hopes by strict attention to business, to receive a share of public patronage

Repairing done as usual.

CONFECTIONARY.

THE SUBSCRIBER having removed from 7th street to Pa. Avenue, between 3d and 4th street, below the UNION TAVERN, below, where he has the honor to inform his friends and the Public in General, that he is prepared to furnish at the shortest notice every variety of article in his line; Cakes of every description. Candies in every variety of Fruit Nuts, &c. H. BARN

GERMAN HOTEL,
BY
CHARLES ROSENTHAL.

The proprietor has removed to the south side of Penn. Avenue, between 12th and 13th sts. to the House lately occupied by COLTMAN, where he will be happy to entertain his old customers and strangers

DEPOT HOUSE.

This is a new tavern recently opened by MICHAL MCDERMOTT, at that popular stand formerly occupied by Mr. McGuire, immediately opposite the car office, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Mr. McD. has long been known to the public as a successful carriage maker, and a most amiable man.

He has fitted up the house in a neat and commodious style, and solicits a portion of the public patronage. He is prepared to entertain travellers and citizens at the shortest notice. He has a well furnished bar, and provided with good beds and stables.

Cabinet, Chair, and Sofa Manufactory
AND
UPHOLSTER

G. W. DONN & CO.

Respectfully inform their friends, and the public in general, that they carry on the above named business in its various branches, and will manufacture to order any article in their line, also repair furniture of all descriptions in the best manner.

Their stock on hand in their Ware-room, on Pennsylvania Avenue, equidistant from the railroad depot and Capitol gate, will consist of

Spring and cushion-seat Sofas, Low Bedsteads
Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)
Centre, side, column, pier, dressing, sofa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables
Wardrobes, Bedsteads
Mahogany, Rocker, parlor and other Chairs
Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of which are of the best workmanship, and will be sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington

Persons wishing to exchange their old furniture will give us a call.

Orders punctually attended to.

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CHARLES CAHEN

Informs the Public that he has removed to that popular stand formerly occupied by Michael McDermott, at the corner of Sixth street and Penn. Av. where he continues to furnish refreshments to citizens and strangers, as usual. He begs leave to return his thanks to his friends and the Public generally for their liberal patronage heretofore, and hopes by assiduity and attention to merit a continuance of their favors.

Washington, D. C.
Oct. 1, 1840.

PHILADELPHIA TYPE FOUNDRY JOHNSON & SMITH. No. 6 George street, [between 6th and 7th,] keep constantly on hand type, Presses, Printing cases and Printing Materials of every description.

The following are the prices of Printing Types, at six months credit, for approved paper, or at a discount of 7 1-2 per cent for cash.

ROMAN AND ITALIC

	lb.		
Pearl	40	Double G. Prim	38
Nonpareil	84	Canon	38
Minion	75	Four line Pica	34
Brevier	66	Five line Pica	32
Bourgeois	46	Six line Pica	34
Long Primer	42	Most of the	
Pica	38	Six line Pica	
English	38	and larger, are	
Great Primer	38	cut on wood,	
Paragon	38	and are from	
Double Pica	38	5 to 37 1-2 cts	
Double English	38	per letter.	

INDIAN RESTORATIVE

For Restoring and Promoting the Growth of Hair.

THIS article not only promotes the Growth of Hair, but makes it soft and pliable. It prevents its falling off, and affords effectual nourishment to the Roots, restores it to its natural color, improves the beauty, and gradually changes light or red hair to that of a brown or black. It so removes Dandruff, prevents baldness, and so extremely pleasant to use, that parents will find it of great advantage in cleaning children's heads; (as it is of great benefit to the health,) and is far superior to to other Restoratives, Balsams or Oils—and particularly in cases of Fever, when the hair begins to fall off. There has never been any thing so effectual as the 'Indian Restorative.'

To be had Wholesale and Retail of Charles Stott, corner of 7th street and Penn. Av. Washington City, D. C.

In Baltimore by Dr. A. Pena. No. 2 South street.

CONDITIONS.

1. One thousand copies only will be printed.

2. The paper and print will both be excellent.

3. It will be issued in weekly parts at twelve and a-half cents each part payable on delivery.

4. The number of parts it will make cannot be ascertained with accuracy at present, but should it exceed eight, the overplus will be given gratis.

THORPE'S VEGETABLE ANTIBILIOUS PILLS. A sovereign remedy in cases of Bilious Indigestion, or sour Stomach; Dyspepsia, such as loss of Appetite; Nausea, or Sickness at the Stomach Costiveness; Languidness of Spirits, Giddiness; Palpitation of the Heart

For cleansing the stomach and removing the bile they stand unrivalled; they are an excellent preventative of all disorders originating from a foul stomach.

They are mild in their action, and purge but little, and are an excellent purifier of the blood.

N. B. These Pills contain no Mercury whatever, and may be taken without regard to diet and exposure.

For sale by J & W Young, jr. Charles Stott, corner of 7th and the avenue: H Wade on 7th street: and by C & J B Jardella, corder of 12th street and the avenue Washington City,

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BY
CHARLES ROSENTHAL,
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Cabinet Maker, Printer's Joiner, and Undertaker.

THE subscriber informs the public that he is now about to commence in the various branches of his business at his stand, near 7th street, between E and F streets, formerly occupied by Nathan Smith. He will make to order all kinds of CABINET WORK, at the shortest notice PRINTER'S FURNITURE of every description made to order, and a portion will be kept on hand to suit the patterns of Intelligencer and Globe. He will attend at FUNERALS, as usual, in the city or country, at the shortest notice Long experience in the business, directs him to adopt the northern custom of keeping coffins ready made on hand, with Shrouds, Sheets, and every thing necessary for immediate interment, in case of plague and sudden death. Two first rate Hearses, always in readiness to attend in this city or in the country.

june 15 PETER CALLAN.

CONFECTIONARY.

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H. BARNS

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AND
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Spring and cushion seat Sofas, Low Bedsteads
Sideboards, Bureaus, (column, dressing and common)
Centre, side, column, pier, dressing, sofa, loo, dining and breakfast Tables
Wardrobe Bedsteads
Mahogany, Rocker, parlor and other Chairs
Hair, moss and shuck Mattresses, &c.

All of which are of the best workmanship, and will be sold as reasonable as at any other establishment in Washington

Persons wishing to exchange their old furniture for new will please give us a call.

Orders punctually attended to.

STEAMBOAT AUGUSTA.—NOTICE.

The Steamboat Augusta will land and take off passengers at the following landings on Potomac River, every other day from date viz: Pye's and Budd's Landings, Maryland shore, and at Quantico, on the Virginia side of the river.

PASSAGE TO CHARLESTON S.C.

THE steam packet CAROLINA Capt. will make a trip from Norfolk to Charleston on Friday the 16th instant; and on the 3d March next she and the SOUTH CAROLINA, Capt. Coffey, will commence their regular trips once a week leaving Norfolk every Saturday, and Charleston every Friday. The engines have been overhauled and put in complete order.

These packets and officers are so well known to Southern travellers, it would be superfluous to say any thing of either. Each of them is furnished with 150 of the most approved Life Preservers. Passengers leaving Philadelphia the day previous will reach there by the Norfolk steamboat in time to passage through from Philadelphia to Baltimore in the Mercury.

Tickets may be procured at the steamboat office, Philadelphia, Jones's wharf, Chesnut street wharf, at the Norfolk Steamboat Office, Baltimore, and on board the Norfolk Steamboat Augusta.